

The Children's Newspaper, July 4, 1942

MAKING PEACE STRONGER THAN WAR

WE are living through the dramatic days of a new creation of the world. We are seeing the promise, through infinite bitterness and suffering, of a happier life for all the millions of mankind.

It has been said a thousand times that Civilisation has gone astray and that Progress has taken a wrong turning, by which men mean that science has raised the world to the gates of the Millennium, materially rich beyond all dreams, but has left society morally in the Stone Age. Man as a physical being has whatever he wants within his grasp, illimitable power; man as a spirit is hopelessly behind, his mind immersed in ignorance, his soul in chains. What is needed is that Mind and Spirit and Matter should march triumphantly together and all mankind be lifted to a higher plane.

World's Second Chance

It will be well for us to have that thought in all our minds at this great hour, for we are seeing the making of the mightiest events in history. We need to take long views, to be conscious of the destiny of man, to understand the stage at which the human race has now arrived. The little cynics have had their day and ceased to be. The nations are marching on. The world is availing itself of its Second Chance. It has fought one World War for a peace which crumbled like a biscuit; it is fighting now for a peace that will endure.

It is clear beyond all doubt that we are wiping out the past that has brought us to this. We are willing to atone for all the blunders and infamies and vanities and misunderstandings that led nations to seek security through war instead of through peace. Old enemies are becoming new friends. The isolationists are closing down. A new sense of brotherhood is growing up. We are willing to forgive and forget, and to get together so that the world can be set on an even-keel. We are beginning to realise that there is no reason whatever why men everywhere shall not live in freedom and peace instead of in everlasting fear of want and war.

Most Backward Science

The business man has known for a hundred years that men can live and work together everywhere, whatever their language or race or colour may be. He has set trade humming round the world, and deals as confidently with a firm in China or in Russia or in Timbuctoo as with his next-door neighbour. The Post Office knows; it sends its letters knowing they will pass through many lands and reach their destination. The railways know; their trains run freely through all Europe. The scientist knows; he has always worked hand in hand with any man, sharing his knowledge with the world. Only in politics, the most backward of all sciences, has it seemed necessary always to throw a brick at the foreigner.

THE month of June, the month of the United Nations, will be glorious for all time in history for the setting up of a new signpost to the Better World. There have been those who pool-pool the idea that we should think of peace while we are fighting for our lives, but they have little vision and less faith. It is not enough that we should

win battles and destroy our enemies. It is not enough that our noblest sons should perish in immortal deeds that flash across the sky. It is for some high purpose, all this grief that we must bear. Destruction is not enough. We must build something better than we have destroyed. Only hate destroys for destruction's sake; it is love that builds the happier world.

Brothers, Not Burdens

And if we would see the race of free men rising to its full height, harnessing its majestic powers to the chariot wheels of righteousness and justice and the conquest of evil things, we must give it the vision without which the people perish. Paul fought a good fight, not for the things that are seen, but for the things that are eternal; and it is so with the good soldier. He fights, not for this opinion or for that, not for a piece of land or a throne or a system, but for a spirit burning in him like a fire.

We have a burden to bear, God knows, but how much lighter is it when we think of the glittering prize when the race is won. There was a small boy in Scotland staggering in the street under the weight of a heavy baby, and it happened that the great Dr Guthrie was passing by. He looked at the little fellow and was full of sympathy. "My boy, that is a very heavy burden for you to carry," he said. The boy looked up indignantly, and the doctor never forgot his proud answer: *He's nae a burden; he's ma brither.*

Is it not so with all the miseries we are fighting to set free from want and fear and slavery? They are no burden; they are our brothers, and we will give them to live in the sort of world we should give to a brother.

WE have promised it once more and proclaimed it to all history by declaring an unshakable alliance between the two mighty bastions of liberty in Europe—the little island in the west and the great republic in the east. Let bygones be bygones; we will live for the future and march together to the brave new world.

We have pledged ourselves up to the hilt to punish the guilty for their crimes; now we pledge ourselves to fight till victory has destroyed these evil things, and afterwards to join with other nations to prevent war happening again.

Seeds of Happiness

It means that the British Empire and the Russian Republic, with the boundless power of the United States, China, and the people of all the small nations, will work together at the peace to sow the seeds of the Atlantic Charter in every land and nourish them until they yield their harvest of human happiness. Do we realise the meaning of it all, this crowning of the Atlantic Charter with this new instrument of cooperative peace?

No profit to be made out of the war by anyone. No changes of territory without the consent of the people. The restoration of all conquered lands. Free access to trade and raw materials for every land. A higher standard of labour and social security for all. Peace for all to live in freedom and without fear or want. The freedom of the seas for all. The disarmament of all aggressive forces in the world.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Let Nothing Us Dismay



Dancing round the Maypole at a festival of children of many nations held in Surrey. Music was provided by a Canadian military band.



Boys of Halstead Village School in Kent performing Morris dances on the village green

DARK HOURS AND CLOUDY DAYS

A THOUSAND years of up and down have prepared us for dark days in our old country, and we have become accustomed, on coming to another dark valley, to say "Now for it."

We have been used for a long time to sunshine and shadow. It has been our story since Caesar found us fair to see, and Alfred fought the Danes, and the Conqueror came on.

And do we not remember, those of us who are old enough, the dark days of 1918, when we nearly lost the Great War in the spring and won it in the autumn?

We thought last week, as the good news changed and the sweet turned bitter, of those fine words of Emerson about England which we have quoted before and are glad to quote again:

I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better on a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like cannon.

I see her in old age, not decrepit but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion, with strength still equal to the time, still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the heart and mind of mankind require at the present time.

So be it now. We have lost another battle in the winning of the war, but we are not made of the stuff that wearies with defeat. We have met it too often, have suffered too greatly, and have known adversity too long. Tobruk was ours, is now the enemy's, and will be ours again tomorrow. Miserable news? Yes. But there is not a country in the world which would not rather be in our shoes than in Hitler's.

THE SCHOLAR ON THE LAND

DEAR EDITOR, I read in the C N this week that the National Union of Agricultural Workers oppose the idea of schoolchildren working on the land, and do not oppose it unthinkingly, but because they know from their own experiences as children of its evils.

What are its evils; and what were their bitter experiences? I have just had a week from school to go sugar-beet singling and I have never felt fitter in my life.

We live in a great agricultural area and if it had not been for the help of schoolchildren many smallholders would have found it almost impossible to get labourers anywhere. The majority of children in this area enjoy working on the land, and as there is practically no other way in which to help our country we are proud to do so. JOYCE M. SIMPSON.

The Children's Hour

In peacetime Longfellow fixed the Children's Hour at dusk.

Between the dark and the daylight,

When the night is beginning to lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupations

That is known as the Children's Hour.

The B B C fixed it between five and six, and every boy and girl loves it.

In a certain sweetshop in Leeds it has been fixed at two o'clock by this delightful notice:

To enable children to secure a fair share of sweets we are instituting a Children's Hour when we shall endeavour to supply them with suitable sweets: Saturdays 2 to 3.

MAKING PEACE STRONGER THAN WAR

Continued from page 1

That is the banner of the Allies, the pledge of 28 nations with 1500 million of the world's most civilised peoples. That is our war aim. That is our peace aim.

AND at the heart of it all are two things—a clean beginning, free from all the entanglements and misgivings of the past; and the determination to build up a bastion of freedom that will make Peace stronger than War.

Never was a more dramatic alliance since history began. It has been done dramatically now because we did not do it in the past in our old-fashioned English way of letting friendship grow slowly.

It is our habit to let our revolutions work their way into our lives year by year and day by day, but the war has speeded

up the world. It is drawing us all together. Something unthinkable and intolerable has happened that must never happen again. Great nations have become as the beasts of the field, seeking to devour mankind. We know that there is a deep spirit of evil which seeks to undermine civilisation, and before this solemn fact all else pales into insignificance.

THE hour brings forth the men and the event. The world will save itself by organising for peace instead of for war. It will strive to bring good life to every corner of the earth, and the very thought of it, the thought that at last peace will be stronger than war, good stronger than evil, thrills us like the sound of a trumpet and bids us renew our strength, lift up our hearts, and be of good courage. Arthur Mee

Little News Reels

EVERY plan for the future, says Lord Simon, must be tested by asking "will this help to secure that this frightful thing can never happen again?"

The Board of Education has set up an inquiry into the possibility of extension of public school education to all children, regardless of their means.

The Women's Junior Air Corps is to be affiliated to the National Association of Girls Training Corps.

THE Government has agreed to the proposal for a minimum wage of £4 3s for all adult miners below ground and £3 18s for all at the pit-head, plus a bonus according to output.

The Eynsford Women's Institute, which started a Savings Group on the Editor's hilltop a year ago, has celebrated its first anniversary with the announcement that the members have saved over £2000, good news for Lord Kindersley.

Yorkshire, the county of broad acres, can now claim a record number of Land Army girls, 2412.

It is announced that drapers have at last decided to do away with their irritating method of pricing articles at a farthing under level money.

The poem found in a soldier's pocket, which we quoted the other day, was by John Oxenham.

America has stopped making bicycles for children; last year 85 per cent. of the 1,800,000 bicycles produced were junior models.

THE Red Cross is sending off 150,000 Christmas parcels to prisoners of war this month.

Stage coaches are running in Eire.

Americans, now rationed for sugar, used to consume about 115 lbs each in a year—twice as much as any other country.

Scout and Guide News Reel

To supplement their food rations Scouts in camp at Winstar in Westmorland formed a fishing party at a lake near the camp.

An ember from a Scout campfire in the grounds of Government House, Ottawa, is to light a Victory campfire in England immediately after the war; the four British King's Scouts now touring Canada are to bring the ember home.

A survivor of the Ark Royal, Lieutenant William Fowler, of Toronto, says he has found that the principles of Scouting are of great value in time of stress; scouting, he says, gives a man something he does not lose—something he can hang on to.

REVD CHRISTOPHER TANNER, who rescued 30 men from the sinking destroyer Fiji, was a Rover Scout of the 3rd Gloucester group.

The nine Guides and ten Brownies of the little Scottish town of Kettleholm sold their toys and books, and got their mothers to run a dance, and so raised £60 for the B-P Memorial Fund.

Although wounded in the leg, Bombardier Elma Wilson of the A.T.S., who is a Strathavon Ranger, carried a wounded soldier to safety when their gun site was bombed.

ALFRED SPENDER A Shaper of His Country

ON the longest day of the year there came to an end one of the longest lives of faithful service ever devoted by an Englishman to his country. Mr J. A. Spender passed away.

It is three or four years since he lost his old strength and vigour and was not expected to see the daffodils again, but his marvellous spirit endured, and he saw spring after spring unfold its new beauty and saw, alas, the coming of the war he had feared. All his long life, he said, the bitter problem of Europe had been, how to live with Germany, and he passed away on one of the darkest days of Germany's second World War.

50 Years of Noble Service

No man served England more nobly than he for over half a century. His was one of the finest minds ever given to our public cause, and he made himself one of the most powerful influences behind the political scene. He had been in the company of great men and makers of history all his life. As a student at Oxford he had the delightful experience of knowing the famous Dr Jowett, and as an editor (in Hull when he was 24), one of his first callers was Matthew Arnold, who called on him when he was lecturing in the town. Since then Mr Spender had known almost everybody worth knowing on the public platform, in Parliament, and in the quieter walks of life, and everybody loved him.

They could not help it, for he was one of the most lovable men ever born and one of the kindest and wisest and most delightful friends a man could have.

It was character that made him—character and knowledge. He had his fair share of the English spirit of accommodating itself to sunny hours and dark hours as they come and go. We were with him at the moment when the first dark hour of the war came, with the Nazis at Boulogne; and he waved his hand to us in the dark hour in which he lay passing away; but no heaviness of fate could depress him for long, for he knew well that right must win, and that we should get over all our mountains of trouble.

Shaping Liberalism

He had his own mountain of trouble for 26 years, when he edited the best evening paper ever offered to an intellectual Englishman, the Westminster Gazette. It was losing money all the time (it lost about half a million while he sat in its chair) but it was worth it as long as its rich owner could stand it, for it was shaping Liberalism in this country and keeping it on a straight keel. There were crises then in peace as there are now in war, and Mr Spender with his little green paper steered steadily through them, sharing the confidence of the Liberal leaders and the admiration of his universal readers.

The Prime Minister of those days said that he was never quite happy about any decision unless Alfred Spender approved it.

As The Times once said, he could not write without writing well, and we see it in his books as we used to see it in his paper. Some of his books every Oxford student knows, and some of them (Fifty Years of Europe; Life, Journalism and Politics; Government of Mankind; and his Great Britain, Empire and Commonwealth) should be on the shelves of every library worth the name.

Fleet Street loved him, and the Institute of Journalists made him Charter President in its Jubilee Year. Everybody who came in touch with him loved this fine scholar who had worked so hard and so long to serve his country in so many ways. He was not only a good writer but a good broadcaster, and he did much broadcasting for the Ministry of Information in the war. He wrote to us not long ago that, in spite of the second attack on his health in three months, and the doctor's warning, he had not yet failed to deliver an article or broadcast at the appointed time.

Only those who know how hard life was for him in these war years can understand the full measure of his noble character, his generous spirit, his consideration of others, and his concern for his country and the high plane of its national life. He lived for England, and never can England repay him for all he did for her, in the thick of the battle and in the quiet behind the scenes.

Good Companions

He had anxieties (for who has not?), but he was the least selfish of men, and perhaps his chief anxiety was for the noble woman who had been his tower of strength so long. She, too, has served her country well, and the C N has already given Mrs Spender the title of Florence Nightingale of the Old Contemptibles; it is from the C N's own honours list, but abundantly did she earn it in 1914, when, thanks to her resolute spirit, nurses, surgeons, and ambulances were poured into France and bases set up for treating the wounded, who were dying like flies.

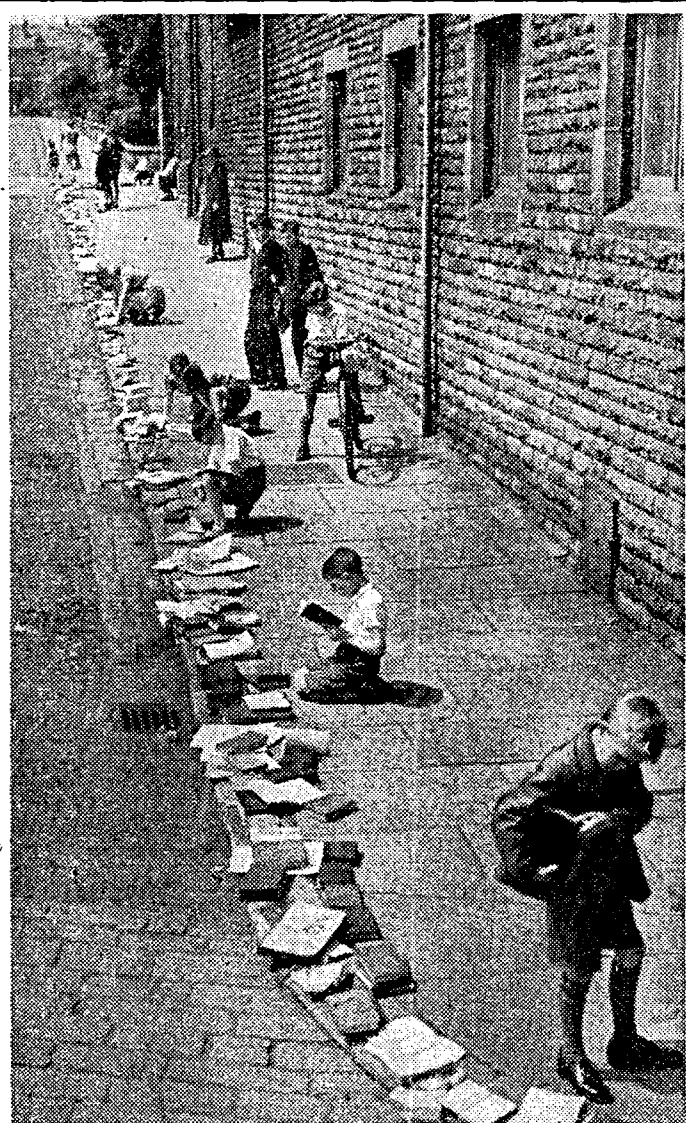
Mrs Spender remains and her dear companion of fifty years is taken; but for her is the consolation of those who live long and live well, and the proud consciousness that she has had at her side all these years a very king of men, a devoted friend of all mankind, and a pillar of strength to the fairest and squarest little country in the world, his Motherland and ours—England.

THINGS SEEN

A dozen oranges growing on a tree in Chelsea.

A family driving through Trafalgar Square in a governess cart.

Five ducks learning to swim from a diving board on a water tank in Belgrave Square.



Wayside Students

When Shipley in Yorkshire held a special waste-paper drive recently residents were asked to place books on the footpaths round the Town Hall. Young Shipley had a good time browsing among the volumes. Many other towns are collecting miles of books, as we read on page 7.

THE WAR ON THE MOSQUITO

Sir Ronald Ross, who first revealed the malarial mosquito in India, would rejoice to hear of the way India has since persevered in checking the mosquito menace by canalising and sluicing the marshy breeding places of the pest.

A special research into the fish which, on being introduced into the stagnant waters, will reduce the numbers of the mosquito in their earliest larval stage has just reported on its results. The Killifish, very aptly named, is the best destroyer, and, being easily acclimatised, is now widely distributed with the most satisfactory results. Next comes the Glass Fish, not quite so good with the mosquito larvae but very useful against another pest, the guinea worm.

HOW TO SELL RHUBARB

A woman in a Yorkshire market trying to sell some sticks of rhubarb at twopence a bundle (about one-third the price asked in the shops) failed to sell it until a friend suggested that she should raise the price to fourpence a bundle, as people would think something was wrong with it if it was so much cheaper than that sold elsewhere. The woman immediately altered the price to fourpence, and sold the lot.

SCHOOL MEALS

The good health of the nation in the third year of the war is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the struggle.

An essential factor of the case is the provision of milk and meals at school. A Government return based on figures made in February shows that 78 per cent of the schoolchildren in England and Wales were having dinners at school. Further, in about 40 areas over 90 per cent of the children were having milk, while 20 to 30 per cent were having meals.

TURNING RUBBISH INTO FREEDOM

About a million tons of iron and steel have been collected from scrap in about ten months. It is equal to twice as much imported iron ore, and it not only saves this import but saves 2,000,000 tons of coal for smelting.

We point this out to CN readers, not to give them any suggestion that they may cease to save scrap, but to double their efforts by showing them the great work they have done. About 200,000 tons of this saving has come from taking down railings from 2,000,000 houses. May they never go up again. Let us be friendly, and not wall ourselves in from our neighbours if we can help it.

Sister Kenny of the Bush

EVERYBODY knows that President Roosevelt has suffered from infantile paralysis and still has to fight against this insidious disease. When he was sixty America gave him a noble present by subscribing thousands of dollars to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which conducts continual warfare against one of the most crushing illnesses that men can experience.

Recently the Foundation has been investigating the simple methods of treatment which have won remarkable results in Australia under Sister Kenny. Years ago, working in the Australian bush as a nurse, Sister Kenny was called to attend to four children smitten down by a strange disease which paralysed their legs and arms. The nearest doctor was a hundred miles away, and when she telegraphed for advice he replied: "Infantile paralysis. No known cure. Do best you can."

Elizabeth Kenny did her best, and by a simple method of hot fomentations, massage, and careful exercise of the limbs, she won

the children back to normal health. She told Australian doctors of her methods, and gradually, in the face of much opposition, the Kenny method has won its way. Today in Australia there are Kenny clinics in eight hospitals, and hundreds of nurses take a course in her methods of treating infantile paralysis.

Early in 1940 Sister Kenny realised one of her great dreams—an invitation to demonstrate her treatment in the United States. The treatment has naturally been refined since Sister Kenny's days in the bush. As she displayed it in Minneapolis, the patient is laid flat on a firm mattress which is short enough for the feet to extend over it. The feet rest firmly against a hard board, and the painful muscles are located and treated with hot fomentations.

Instead of prison-like splints and tight bandages Sister Kenny believes in freedom and regular gentle exercise. The patient is encouraged to think he is moving his limbs even when he cannot move them at all. This is

the first stage towards activity, and it soon ends in the patients discovering that their limbs are moving.

Sister Kenny has not accepted money for her work for over 20 years, but has used her gifts of understanding and healing for others. One American doctor said: "Hers has been a mission of altruism, expecting neither money nor glory, but only acceptance of her teaching in order that the child might benefit."

She is being paid in a higher form of exchange than money. Throughout Queensland a special blessing is asked for her work in the prayer with which all schoolchildren begin each day, and in Townsville, where her first public clinic was established, the people have dedicated Elizabeth Kenny Park, planted with groves of her favourite trees, and have reserved a site for a retreat in her old age. Seated on the platform on that dedication day was a prominent Australian business man with his two small sons. He was one of the Bush Babies of 30 years ago, Sister Kenny's first case.

Wiser Than Nebuchadnezzar

AN old saying assures us that one man's meat is another man's poison. Be that as it may, we know of a case in which one man's weed serves another man's want.

A learned man asked a friend the other day, "Have you any dandelions in your garden?" and, being answered "Yes they are a pest this year," went on: "I am glad that, as I shall rely on you, for I've eaten all mine!"

The veteran scholar makes dandelions part of his diet, in which, however, grass forms a more important daily element. Wiser than Nebuchadnezzar, he does not crop and eat his grass where it grows, but has it delicately cooked before it is brought to the table. However unpalatable such refreshment

may sound, he is a hale and hearty veteran.

He has his own ideas of the parts of vegetable to eat, as well as the manner of their treatment. Cooks and housewives, he asserts, are deplorably ignorant about cabbages. We eat the hearts and give the stout outer leaves to rabbits, he points out, whereas it is the outer leaves containing the vitamins and vegetable salts essential to health that we should eat, leaving the immature hearts of cabbages to rabbits. Refusing to enter the lists either for or against dandelions and stewed or unstewed grass, the CN yet confesses itself grateful for the care of cooks and housewives in the matter of cabbages, and also for this new idea of our esteemed scholar.

Classroom Surprises

TEACHING is not always as humdrum as it is sometimes made out to be, and often there are surprises in the classroom.

Only a few days ago a teacher wrote to us to say that he had made two interesting discoveries one morning. In a geography lesson he talked about the Antarctic regions, which brought him to Amundsen, Scott, and Shackleton. When he had finished telling the thrilling story of Shackleton's most famous expedition, a little girl put up her hand and said, "Please, sir, my grandfather was with Shackleton on that expedition."

Later that morning the teacher talked about the Crimea. It was

a history lesson, and after a summary of the Crimean War he concluded by reading Tennyson's famous Charge of the Light Brigade. When this breathless poem was finished a boy put up his hand. "Please, sir," he said, "we have a pair of spurs that were used in the Charge of the Light Brigade. They were worn by a soldier who rode into the Valley of Death and came back. Shall I bring them to school this afternoon, sir?"

The teacher asked him to do so, and he did.

How deeply woven into the present is the past, and how intimately linked with all our lives are the events of other days!

Helping One Another

No better proof of the ability of British men and women to work together can be found than the way in which the mutual-aid plan is working in raided towns.

After a raid old rivals can be found striving to the limit of their powers to help their less fortunate fellows. Premises are handed over, often to firms in the same trade, stocks and even staff are lent, and every possible aid is given. In one town, for

instance, three firms which have often been accused of "cutting throats" are now housed in a block of shops owned by a fourth, who was formerly looked upon as their greatest rival!

There should be plenty of business for everyone just as (we are told) there is plenty of everything else. Can we not arrange our lives so that mutual-aid, and not "throat-cutting" is the accepted thing, even in peacetime?

A FRIEND INDEED

A young airman was wandering shyly round a shop in Leeds a few days ago. There was a dress-length which took his fancy, but he did not know if coupons would be needed and asked another customer. "Oh, yes," the lady said, "coupons are required. But can I help?"

"Well," said the airman, "I wonder if you'd be good enough to ask the price, and if it isn't more than a pound I might buy it for my wife."

So the customer went off to make enquiries and returned with the material. "You may pay for it," she said, "but you need not bother about the coupons; I had a few to spare."

A NEW PAIN KILLER

A new pain killer has received the approval of the US Public Health Service. It is Demerol, which has been tried on more than 1000 patients in public hospitals. It acts in 15 or 20 minutes and its effects last six hours.

It is now being more closely examined by research institutions before being added officially to the pharmacopoeia. It can be administered by the physician in larger doses than morphine, if that becomes necessary, and the patient does not afterwards become addicted to the drug.

The Boy Who Rocked the Bridge

A little boy visiting London for a birthday treat went over Captain Scott's Discovery, clambered up the stairs of St Paul's and saw the wonderful panorama from the stone gallery, went round the Tower, and then watched ships being unloaded in the Docks.

Ice-cream and chocolate also helped to make it a red-letter day for him. But the one thing he remembers above all is that he stood in the centre of Tower Bridge and with his big toe rocked both the mighty raisable parts of the central span, each weighing a thousand tons.

It would seem that the wonderful things we can do are more memorable than the wonderful things we see.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Dovedale For the Nation

WE are delighted to see that the City of Stoke-on-Trent is looking ahead and moving forward in the important business of preserving Dovedale as a national park area for the Midlands and the North-West.

It is our convinced opinion that no single step that could be taken would be more effective in saving the loveliest countryside on earth from destruction.

The City Council of Stoke has passed another resolution on the subject, promising assistance in carrying out the scheme, and expressing its anxiety that no steps will be taken now which will prevent the project being proceeded with after the war.

We very much hope that the National Trust will have some means of guaranteeing that this noble purpose shall not be frustrated.

BLACK MARKETEERS

THE news came almost together of higher wages for miners and stricter regulations for dealing with black marketeers.

Everybody agrees that the miners should have good wages; and nearly everybody agrees that the Black Market traitors should have stiffer punishment.

We apologise to the miners for making such a suggestion, but would it not be a good idea to sentence black marketeers to really long terms of labour in the coal mines? It would give them a Black Market experience they would not forget for the duration.

Sir Richard Gregory Calling

THE CN rejoices to see the rising indignation roused by the pretentiousness of the star quacks, and welcomes the latest pronouncement of the President of the British Association, Sir Robert Gregory, that in these critical times it is "socially dangerous and intellectually degrading."

It is what the CN has been saying for a long time, and we trust our readers will pardon our insistence on this deplorable phase of 20th century superstition.

Under the Editor's Table

A MAN'S work should speak for itself. A gramophone maker's does.

WHEN you go for a picnic, choose a suitable spot, says a writer. You will want more than that if you are hungry.

IF you lose your clothing coupons you must write an application for new ones. A matter of form.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If miners pick their work

PEOPLE are asked to play the game and save fuel. The game will keep them warm.

THE flannel in a boy's suit will not stand up to hard wear. But it will sit down with the boy.

POST OFFICE workers have to make a soap tablet last for ten weeks. It is in their hands.

A PRESSING engagement; Ironing.

IF THESE THINGS LIVED

WITH summer now here, children in our big cities will be taken by teachers and friends sightseeing among our statues and pictures. They may see among modern productions, both in stone and on canvas, things that will startle and horrify them, figures unnatural and untrue to life.

We have been passing through an era when, it being found impossible to excel or even to equal the lovely art of the Masters, ugliness, distortion, and deformity have taken the place of the qualities which all good artists strive to attain.

Those responsible for taking children to see these modern works, when perplexed how

to explain them, might care to recall one of the wisest things in the plays of Mr Bernard Shaw, who makes one of his characters say, "Let no man dare to create in art a thing that he would not have exist in life."

Would existence be tolerable if these things that we see about us, in the open and in our galleries, actually had life? Nature made the warthog and the vulture and the creatures of the slime, but it is the graceful gazelle and the tuneful nightingale that gladden our senses. Let us cherish and reverence truth and beauty and leave the worship of the false and the ugly to our few abnormal Frankensteins.

The Town Mind in the Country

A COUNTRYMAN who has been attending a meeting for planning after-war improvement of the countryside was surprised to find that the planners were all men and women from the town. He found, on making a few inquiries, that few of them had ever lived in a village, and came away fearing that these well-meaning planners may introduce more bad things than good from the town.

Thinking the matter over, he was reminded of a story he once read. In it an elderly man who had "made good" in a city returned to the village where he had been born, and, finding it undeveloped and backward, called a meeting to make plans for its improvement. Hoping to impress the villagers, he gave a luncheon, after which he outlined his scheme.

The reply came from an old countryman, who said: "We've

Vow of Youth, 1942

By the children he has slain,
By the patience and the pain
Of the Christ whose laws he tramples

And whose word he takes in vain,

By the God he dare not trust,
We will curb his ruthless lust,
Break his pride and power for ever,

Leave him humbled in the dust.
From Arthur St John Adcock

all heard Jim Smith tell us what we'd ought to do. Answer me this. On the way here an old dog jumped at Jim, who ran like a hare for about fifty yards. Any of you scared of dogs? Running that fifty yards came nigh to killing Jim. Any of you who can't trot a rod? You've seen Jim peeping and poking through spectacles to read his little speech, and he isn't fifty. Any of you have to wear specs for reading? And I noticed Jim pop a little peppermint into his mouth after he'd finished eating. Any of you who can't manage his food without peppermints? Perhaps we could tell the city folks how to improve their ways."

It cannot be repeated too often that, badly as the country needs good things from the town, it certainly does not want any of the bad things which appear to be inseparable from town life.

MOVING ON

WE are getting on with the Peace, however the War drags.

Long ago a social worker suggested that it would be a splendid thing to maintain a mobile building squad always ready to be dispatched to some slum or other evil place where urgent work could be done to let in sunlight and let out disease and despair.

Now at last, as we have recorded already, the Ministry of Works has established such a force, to tackle emergency building anywhere in the land. We are glad to see that the Ministry is moving faster and faster, having also appointed the famous Professor Abercrombie to look after the planning of Outer London.

JUST AN IDEA

It was Tobias Smollet who said that in all the towns and countries he had ever seen he never saw a city or a village whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its publichouses.



YOUTH IN UNIFORM From left to right in this smiling group a Sea Cadet, a Boy Scout, and me

TALES OF TWO BIRDS

A reader who has been reading Sterne sends us these notes.

LAURENCE STERNE tells of his finding in the yard of a Paris hotel a caged English starling crying again and again, "I can't get out!" It had been left there by an Englishman's servant, who had caught and caged it at Dover, taught it to repeat these words, and then abandoned it at the hotel on accompanying his master to Italy.

Sterne wept over the bird, bought it, cage and all, brought it to England, and wrote movingly about it, but, instead of setting it free, gave it away, still caged, still complaining, "I can't get out!"

The friend of the CN who has been reading the story is moved to tell us of an experience that happened to him not long ago.

While living in Surrey he was engaged in his studio one Saturday afternoon, touching up a picture, when, although rain was falling heavily, he felt an irresistible desire to go out. Slipping on a waterproof and an old cap, out he went, and came to a new road in which a number of houses were rising, none of them yet tenanted. He obeyed what seemed an urgent impulse to inspect one of the houses, and found a door unlocked. He went straight upstairs and opened the door of a bedroom, to find that a thrush had been shut in and was beating itself against the walls and windows. But for his timely arrival - the bird must have perished of hunger and thirst during the next two days and nights, for it was holiday time.

The Aleutians

The Aleuts, the native people who live in the fog-haunted Aleutian Islands, came originally from Asia. They are dark, hairy, and swarthy, and short in stature, and incline to the Mongol in type, but they have fared down into a peaceful and industrious race. Some new islands which have sprung up there are of a volcanic origin, and have more than once subsided and disappeared again. These appearances and disappearances add to the difficulties of charting and navigating these reefs and deep waters.

The Help-You

ONE of the services we have taken for granted in the past generation has been that of our popular cafés, teashops, and restaurants, a service which the new demands of the war factories is now cutting down.

It is difficult for young people of today to realise that when their grandparents were young no such places existed. The City and West End teashop, and its counterpart in the provinces, is a growth of this century.

American visitors used to express their wonder not only at our policemen, but at our neat and skilful and pleasant-mannered waitresses. There were not many like them in the United States, where the cafeteria was a long-established institution.

Now that the teashop waitress has departed in her thousands for the Services and the factory we begin to miss her. "Neat-handed Phyllis," as the minor poets call her, has more urgent tasks on her programme now than the balancing of trays loaded with tea and coffee, sandwiches, toast, and buttered buns.

Feeding the Workers

But we still need the teashops. The tempo of war-production runs fast in office as well as factory, and the countless thousands of office workers must be fed during the day. So the teashops remain, though they are rapidly being converted into the "help-yourself service," the American cafeteria.

HERE IS A TA

Blue Berets. By Gunby Hadath. The Lutterworth Press. 7s 6d.

EVERYBODY in our CN world knows Gunby Hadath, the famous storyteller, and we are not surprised to hear that General de Gaulle has been delighted to accept the dedication of his latest book, one of his best. Mr Hadath dedicates it very handsomely to "The Liberator who, in preserving for France her freedom and honour, has set an example which is a lasting inspiration to the youth of all nations."

It is a tale of heroic adventure such as all boys love (and all girls too), and a tale of France, for no man writing in English knows France or loves France more than Gunby Hadath. The



group are an ARP messenger, a St John's nurse cadet, a Girl Guide, members of the Women's Junior Air Corps and the Air Training Corps

Myself Teashop

Everywhere in London and other big cities we see the same notice in the windows of teashops where Phyllis once reigned in bright and cheerful supremacy. The customers queue up outside and inside, they pass along in a steady stream, and help themselves.

It is pretty good organisation, about difficulties being what they are, to have the food and the crockery and cutlery ready for them. But it always is ready in the teashops, as it is in the cafeterias of the great public departments and the factory canteens.

The Spirit of Service

Here and there the customer has to take a hand even in the organisation of his meals. Evacuated banks and insurance companies in country districts expect their staffs to help with the washing-up. A daily rota for this work calls upon managers and senior officials as well as clerks to take their turn in the scullery, and they do it as cheerfully as they share the fire-watch.

Cheerfulness—that is the spirit of service. Phyllis had it before she went away. That was another thing we all took for granted.

When she comes back it may well be that from our experience in self-help we shall develop a greater appreciation of what we owe to those who serve us so well behind the counter, at the table, and in the unseen regions behind the door marked Service.

LE FOR BOYS

story tells of Michael Goring, an English lad whose French ancestors perished in the French Revolution, setting out to establish his claim to the lost title and estates.

A stray dog accompanies him, a mystery man goes with him, and step by step the three climb into France over the great St Bernard Pass.

What happens then is told in the author's vivid way, and we must leave it to our readers to discover, but young Michael snatches himself from the jaws of his enemies as La Belle France will one day snatch herself from the enemies of the human race. This is the time for a good tale of France for British lads, and here it is—topping, as they would say.

UNWANTED HARVESTS

SENT the other day to take their share in repairing a damaged house which had stood many months untenanted, workmen have made strange discoveries. To find all the crockery on the table just as it had been left at the interrupted meal that preceded hurried departure was not a matter for surprise to them, but it was startling to see ferns growing on the drawing-room carpet and grass flourishing on a handsome eiderdown.

The growth in the drawing-room could probably be accounted for by a fern having been left there to ripen and cast forth its spores, which would find sufficient soil in the dust that had accumulated on the carpet. But the grass? Either seeds had been in the eiderdown, or else it had been blown in by winds sweeping through crannies in the blitzed windows.

Damp would reach both spores and seeds either in the form of atmospheric moisture, or rain, or water falling from a defective roof. We all know that mustard and cress grow on damp cloth or flannel; but has it ever happened before that an eiderdown can become a lawn?

The Rubbish Heap

Be careful in throwing out your rubbish if there is a chance of anything valuable lying buried among it.

A new version of the story of the Deluge was once found on bits of clay in a lumber room of the British Museum; and this new saying of Jesus was discovered among the rubbish heaps of Egypt:

Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there am I.

It was on a rubbish heap that stainless steel was born. A Yorkshireman noticed that in a pile of steel lying rusted by the weather in a corner of a yard was one piece that had not tarnished. The research which followed brought stainless steel into being.

The most precious copy of Tacitus we now possess was discovered among rubbish in a monastery in Westphalia, and the wonderful Codex Sinaiticus, now among the greatest treasures of the British Museum, was long accounted as rubbish.

CARRY ON

Fourth of July

It was not the mere matter of the separation of the Colonies from the Motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to this country, but hope to all the world for all future time. Abraham Lincoln

EPITAPH TO A BELGIAN PILOT

By a Brother Officer

The Belgian fighter-pilot to whom these lines refer brought down five aircraft, one of which was bombing his own land when the Germans invaded it.

HERE in the corner of an English shire, Far from the Homeland that he fought to save, A Belgian pilot sleeps who, dying, gave His all, for all of England to admire.

Here was a warrior of the lonely sky, Modest and brave, outstanding of his race, Who winged the outer air with swallow's grace; To us it hardly seemed that he could die.

And many friends who loved him, and who live, Live thanks to him; his was the magic touch That plucked them from the death he scorned so much, And like a shepherd homed them. Do not grieve If you should pass this way in after years; His was a life that shone too bright for tears.

He is Great

HE only is great at heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of all these things, and does them best.

Roswell D. Hitchcock

Miserable Pessimist

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got:
Thus through life we are cursed.

Ben King

The Great Offering of Fine Things

MOSES gathered the children of Israel together and said unto them, Take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord. Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it—gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen; and oil for the light, and spices for anointing oil; and onyx stones. And every wise-hearted among you shall come and make all that the Lord hath commanded.

And all the congregation of the children of Israel came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle.

They came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and

tablets, all jewels of gold; and all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, of blue, purple, scarlet, and fine linen. All the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair.

All the wise men that wrought all the work of the sanctuary came every man from his work and spoke unto Moses, saying, The people bring much more than enough; and Moses caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying, Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing, for the stuff they had was sufficient and too much.

Thus was all the work of the tabernacle finished.

Old Testament

The Blind Man of Salisbury Cathedral

THERE is a poor blind man who every day, In summer sunshine or in winter's rain, Duly as tolls the bell, to the high fane Explores, with faltering footsteps, his dark way, To kneel before his Maker, and to hear The chaunted service, pealing full and clear. Ask why alone in the same spot he kneels Through the long year. Oh, the wide world is cold, As dark, to him! Here he no longer feels His sad bereavement. Faith and Hope uphold

His heart; he feels not he is poor and blind Amid the unpitied tumult of his mind. As through the aisles the choral anthems roll, His soul is in the choirs above the skies, And songs far-off of angel companies, When this dim earth hath perished like a scroll. Oh, happy if the rich, the vain, the proud, The plumed actors in life's motley crowd, Since pride is dust, and life itself a span, Would learn one lesson from a poor blind man.

William Lisle Bowles

GOD'S LIVELY

GOD's livery is a very plain one, but its wearers have good reason to be content. If it have not so much gold-lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and is, besides, a great deal cheaper. James Russell Lowell

GOOD SENSE

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candour, is the product of right reason.

Dryden



Father of His Country

On July 4 America celebrates her Declaration of Independence, to secure which Washington led the colonists in their successful struggle against the Motherland. Here Washington is seen marching through Philadelphia into battle.

Five Boys of India

SOME of the most courageous boys in the world are the boys in the Indian leper homes, about whom the Mission to Lepers has been telling its friends in Britain.

Chandkhuri is the Leper Home in the Central Provinces of India to which Pachawa came. His father died when he was a baby, and four years later his mother died. He then lived with his sister in a tiny hut, and early every morning they left their hut to sweep the city lanes and streets. When Pachawa was eleven the first signs of leprosy appeared, and gradually the disease got a hold on his body.

He began wandering in the city aimlessly, begging from door to door, tortured by hunger. In his wanderings he shed many a bitter tear. What had he done to be so cruelly punished? He shrank back whenever he realised how uncomfortable people felt at his approach. A dog in the street, a blind man by the roadside, received help more easily.

At last he went to Chandkhuri, and had to travel by train for three days. He had no ticket and was put out of the train several times. When he eventually arrived he was ready to collapse, but some days later he said, "Trembling and broken-hearted, I stood at the gate. I came during the night to avoid being seen by many people. What a comfort it is to know that I have a roof to sleep under and food to eat, and what a thrilling thought it is that I may get well again!"

Chandriah is another cheerful boy who came to Chandkhuri. He came one day, when he was eight, to beg, but a lady who gave him some food noticed patches on his body. She arranged for him to see the doctor, who saw that the little fellow had leprosy.

After Chandriah had received treatment for two years all signs of the disease had disappeared and he was transferred to the separate home for healthy boys. One day the house-father said, "Chandriah is like a lamp that cheers and brightens the dark corners."

Jogu, Jugol, and Jiten are three boys who came to the Leper Home at Purulia in Bihar in India. Late one afternoon, as the superintendent was leaving the Home, a little boy about eleven threw himself at his feet, begging to be taken in. No leper child has ever been turned away, and the boy was picked up and comforted. Once sure of his own welcome, he asked if he might bring his two younger brothers, who he said would soon be as bad as himself, and though the Home was overcrowded they could not refuse such a request.

So back walked Jogu to his village about thirty miles away, and in a few days a sad little trio arrived at Purulia.

They were put in the house named Ushamukhi, "Facing the Dawn," which was quite fitting for them, for they had been facing darkness and death but had taken a right-about turn and were now facing the light. A year or so later they were transferred to a new house provided by an English friend, and the two younger boys have greatly improved and are doing well at school and are good at games.

It is worth while to think of such boys as these and of the good work that goes on in India. It is not all politics and power in that great country, as some busybodies would have us believe.

Five-Minute Talk From an Army Camp

KEEPING FAITH

IT was a winter's night in Arabia; and the chill wind from the Persian mountains, the loneliness of the desert, and the cold ruffled surface of the Euphrates presented the very opposite of a picture from the Arabian Nights.

Yet one young fellow, camped on the bank of that ancient river, had fully made up his mind to make the best of it. Rolled in blankets, he was reading, by the light of a paraffin-smelling hurricane lantern, Charles Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*, and had just got to that part where the hero was fighting the White Bear of the Northland, when a hand was thrust through the tent door, and a voice exclaimed, "You're detailed for treasury escort, Barnes."

Night on the River

Dick Barnes's mouth did droop a bit. It was a bit thick, having to go up-river in a rotten old boat on a night like that. The blankets were cosy and the book a wonderful tonic. Yet a few hours later he was one of a party of six in the stern of a river-boat as she chugged noisily up the river with boxes of silver rupees for the coolies.

Nothing but flat, moonless desert; just a deep purple sky pricked with stars. Dick unstrapped his traps, spread his blankets, and was just dozing off when—bump! The flat bottom of the boat had well and truly sat on a mudbank.

After a lot of noise in the engine-room they were informed that there they would have to stay until another boat pulled them off in the morning, and would the guard accept a bottle of whisky with the skipper's compliments?

"Hold out your mug, Barnes," said the sergeant, tilting the bottle.

"No, thanks."

"What?" For a moment the sergeant stared incredulously; then tipped the drink into his own mug and swallowed it.

The sergeant tipped and swallowed again.

Two of a Kind

"Good luck to you," said a fellow, coming up to Dick. "Good luck to us all. The night's raw and cold enough! I don't touch it because my father asked me not to. Before I came out he told me to beware of drink, for it has an ugly side in the Army. Not that a peg would hurt any of us now, but it's the principle of the thing."

"Why, my mother said the same thing to me!" exclaimed Dick in astonishment. "I promised her, and I'd rather break anything than that."

"Well, we can't break our word to our people. What part of Old England do you come from?"

They were splendid boys. In St. Paul's words, they kept the faith, and when they reached home they brought with them a strong and virile manhood. Better far than pleasure is the Christian influence of the home. It is as fine steel that takes no tarnish from the rubbish-heap. It keeps alive great ideals, honour and goodness and truth. It is like the old yule-log on the fire, keeping the spirit of evil away.

Bows and Arrows Are Back

WHEN a War Office spokesman suggested, apparently in all seriousness, that Home Guards should be armed with pikes, sarcastic commentators asked whether the bows and arrows would not be next on the list of our armaments for this important force. Actually there are many Home Guards who would agree that archery is a very sound training for musketry. It demands the same excellent eye and steady hand.

Today there is a growing interest in archery, if one may judge by the demand for equipment in those shops, not very numerous, which stock it. For five pounds one can get target, bow, and a dozen arrows complete with sheaf, and people are asking for them for summer diversion and sport.

The world has produced many famous bodies of archers, from the Parthians and Numidians of Roman days to the Genoese mercenaries. Cossack bowmen were among the Allied troops which occupied Paris after the fall of Napoleon. But no archers were more famous than the English, and our English yew made the finest bows in all the world.

The bow-and-arrow as a weapon is not to be despised. While the effective range of the tommy-gun is not much more than 50 to 80 yards, it is recorded that in London in 1794 the secretary to the Turkish Embassy shot a light arrow 25 inches long 415 yards against the wind, and with the wind 463 yards.

There are many archery-lovers who feel that they could give a

good and effective account of themselves against an invader.

For those who would like more details of the fine old sport, it might be added that the archer's bow today is made of snake-wood, lance-wood, or hickory, as well as yew, though how much the Timber Controller would release of these woods for the purpose is another matter. A man's bow should have a pull of 50 or 60 lbs, but for a woman a pull of 30 to 35 lbs is quite sufficient. A good weight of pull for general purposes is 42 lbs for distances not over 100 yards, and 50 lbs for longer ranges.

Even though we may not need to use our bows and arrows against an invader, it is to be hoped that our archery societies will resume their picturesque activities when the war is over. In Regent's Park, at Ranelagh and Richmond, and in many of our quaint old country towns, archery meetings made a delightful and picturesque splash of colour on sunny summer afternoons.

And how we used to clap and cheer when the bowmen came on the scene at the great Military Tattoos! We will cheer them once again before long.

NATURE'S AFTERNOON NAP

OUR snatches of very hot weather this year, alternating with spells of cold, have set a correspondent thinking of life's reaction to great heat.

Dogs sprawl and sleep in the shadows; horses and cattle seek shade; birds are silent in seclusion, even ceasing to feed their nestlings. Lions and tigers and other great cats lie up in their lairs, not from fear of man, but lest the fiery heat of sands and exposed rocks should blister their paws. Snails bury themselves in the soil and remain like dead things during hot drought, while mudfish hide themselves at the bottom of their diminishing rivers, and may be carried, caked in mud, round the world in a sleepy trance.

Vegetation is similarly affected by heat. Plants that lack woody fibrous stems droop in melancholy disarray, notably the polyanthus, which swoons flat, leaves and flowers alike, as if to say, "This is the end of all."

In Oriental lands, and in Southern Europe, the tide of human life slackens during the hours of greatest heat. Shutters are closed over windows facing the sun, and those who can afford to do so rest indoors. Those to whom a siesta is impossible remember with sympathy two creatures who fought for the right to lie in the shade cast by a donkey, till the ass ran off, according to Aesop, leaving them to bake and bicker in the sun.

100,000 Children Lost

AT the end of last year, when the war was two years and three months old, England and Wales had lost 100,000 children who would doubtless have been born if the war had not happened. We may call them "unborn casualties."

This was stated by Mr Richard Titmuss at a meeting of the British Social Hygiene Council. It is a very serious statement, intimately concerning the country's future, and all the more so because the British birthrate has been falling for 70 years, in good trade and bad, in war and peace. If we go back to so recent a period as the Boer War we find that we now have a million and a half fewer children than then, and it is small consolation to know (even

if we are dog lovers) that the dog population has increased by the same number in the same period. That is one of the saddest of all facts.

In the first four months of this year there was a decline in births of 24 per cent as compared with the figures of 1940.

What a contrast is presented by Russia, where the population is increasing by 30 per cent in a generation!

Many social and industrial factors are making for depopulation in the white nations of Europe, and they must be dealt with as an urgent part of the peace problem if the white races are to retain world leadership. Professor Crew tells us that a people's birthrate is a measure of their faith in themselves.

BEDTIME CORNER

Children of Sunshine

CHILDREN of sunshine, let your words
Ever be kind and true;
Anger and spite are the smuts
that fall;
Don't let them fall from you.
Fresh as the breezes and
fragrant be;
Sunshine in everything strive
to see;
Live so that others may long
to be
Children of sunshine too.

THE FROG AND THE FOX

A FROG was sitting by a pond when a fox came to drink.
"Get away, or I'll eat you," said the fox.
"Eat me?" queried the frog. "I can hop swifter than ever you can run."
"Can you, indeed?" said the fox, after he had finished drinking. "It is two miles to the next town. Let us see who can get there first."

The fox whisked round, and as he did so up leaped the frog into his bushy tail. The fox got to the city gate with wonderful swiftness, and then looked back to see if the frog were following him. Hopping quietly out of his tail the frog entered the city gate.

"I have certainly won the race," said the fox. "My friend is not even in sight."
But as he turned to enter the city and finish the race the frog hopped merrily down from the gate, saying, "Well, here you are at last, slow-coach! I was just going back to look for you, thinking that perhaps you had fallen lame."
The fox, thoroughly amazed, trotted off with his tail between his legs.



WE THREE

PRAYER

GIVE me patience and kindness, O Lord, in these hard days, and let me not be a burden to my country or my friends in this time of trouble. Keep me through this night and bring me safe into another day. Amen.

Mr Maisky Smiles

THE great treaty of friendship with the Soviet Union owes much to many men on both sides. Mr Churchill and Mr Stalin, Mr Eden and Mr Molotoff, the Premiers and Foreign Ministers of the two "high contracting parties," as the Foreign Office phrase has it, have worked and planned for it, and must now guide its course aright.

But we are inclined to think that an Englishman in Moscow and a Russian in London did the most. Stafford Cripps and Ivan Maisky are their names, and they will go down to history.

The mission of Sir Stafford Cripps to India has taken our minds away from his magnificent work as ambassador in Russia. He went to Moscow when feeling against Britain there was none too friendly. To use a term much employed in the fighting forces, the Russians took a poor view of us when he arrived. Mischievous minds and poisonous tongues, at work in circles which placed their own interests above the welfare of their fellow-citizens, had done infinite harm to the prospects of Anglo-Russian friendship.

Sir Stafford Cripps changed all that, but it took time. The Russians, suspicious of Britain generally, were all the more suspicious of a Briton with a title. It reminded them too harshly of their own dark days under the Tsardom.

But this simple-mannered, quiet, sincere ambassador of ours, so obviously a democrat, so plainly a believer in the future of any people fighting for a new life, broke down all suspicion.

And in the meantime his "opposite number" was performing a kindred task in London. Mr Maisky had not quite the same problem. There was much less suspicion of Russia in the minds of the British people, or in the minds of many men and women in high places who were even intense admirers of the Soviet Union. Such men as Dr Temple, now Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to accept anti-Soviet propaganda.

Foes of the Soviet

Yet in the Church, in the Law, in the Public Departments, and in the Foreign Office, the Soviet had determined foes, and in what is called Society it was the same. The result of these influences was to embitter relations between the two peoples. They did more.

In the public affairs of this country during the past few years there are few chapters more deplorable than the churlishness with which Mr Maisky and his wife were treated, in private and often in public, by those who are supposed to set an example of good manners to the rest of us. But Mr Maisky always had a smile.

A Shark Swims Into the News

BEFORE the war America used to import about 72 million lb of cod-liver oil from Norway every year, and the urgent need for replacing this source of Vitamin A has resulted in the establishment of a busy and prosperous new industry.

Fishermen off the Pacific coast used to be troubled by a species of shark which ate their bait and broke their nets. It was scarcely worth bringing ashore, for it was

He smiled as he walked with his wife in the green spaces of Kensington Gardens, close to his own embassy. He smiled as he and she walked down Regent Street in the critical days before the war, on their favourite amusement of shop-window gazing on Sunday afternoons. He smiled when pompous diplomats tried to be rude to him or were condescending. He smiled at the icy silence with which he was greeted when he walked up the aisle of London's ancient Guildhall to meet the Lord Mayor, when every other representative of a foreign Power received his due measure of applause. Today the Guildhall is ruined, but when it is restored, and the Lord Mayor receives the ambassadors at his great peace banquet, we may be sure there will be cheers enough for the envoy of the Soviet Republic.

Compensation

Mr Maisky will smile at that, perhaps a little cynically; but he will not be cynical about the cheers which will greet his ears from the crowds in the City streets.

Maybe it will be different now. Mr Maisky must have had unhappy hours in the past few years, but he must have been compensated for them by the enthusiasm with which he has been received on his visits to our war industries, where he saw and spoke with so many thousands of toiling men and women, whom he knew to be true friends of democracy.

Even among his colleagues in the diplomatic world there have been numbers of honest men who admitted long ago that Mr Maisky set an example of good-humour, imperturbability, and courtesy which some other ambassadors, ministers, and officials might have emulated to their country's advantage.

He won popularity with numbers of them who were by no means friendly to Russia. He created friendship for Russia even in the darkest days of misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

In short, he is a capital little man, if we may say so with very great respect. That will surely evoke another smile from him.



Toymaker

A member of a barrage balloon crew stationed on a bombed London site making toys from salvaged wood

THE WORLD AFTER THIS

By General Smuts

It has been rightly said that the old world will be finished after this war. But that does not mean a breaking up. On the contrary, in some ways it means a bringing together.

My belief is that, just as Christianity has kept the civilised world together for centuries, so the spirit of the British Empire—the ordinary code of gentlemanly behaviour—will keep the freedom-loving nations together from now on.

Schisms, creeds, political jargon, and shibboleths will go. Our social structure will be blown out of existence; but there will be a new Socialism that will have nothing to do with politics or economics—a simple desire to give the other fellow a square deal. That and a modernised League of Nations within the framework of the Atlantic Charter and the Anglo-Soviet pact are my big hopes for a better world.

A Mile of Books

Collecting a mile of pennies has long been an effective and amusing way of raising money for charity, and a similar idea has recently been adopted in various towns as a means of getting paper salvage. A mile of books is as long as a mile of pennies, but it doesn't take as long to make and is fun for all as well as a useful contribution to the war effort.

Making a mile of books is surely a game that schools could join in, and a little friendly rivalry might well be introduced. May we advise schoolchildren, though, when helping to make long lines of books for salvage, not to add to them by taking father's volumes from his bookshelves? Usually it will be best to consult him first, and most fathers can find two or three odd books they will gladly give up.

Picture on page 3

Alone in the Sea of War

EVERY day a lonely Englishman scans the horizon anxiously for a steamer's smoke or a schooner's sail. If he should see them, will it be a relief ship or a raider from Japan?

The Englishman has chosen to stay on his lonely island to look after 200 Gilbertese, who go to school on the island. They cannot get back to their homes on the Gilbert and Ellice Islands because there is no ship to take them through the dangerous seas.

The Revd Alfred Sadd, who is sticking to his lonely job, comes from Maldon in Essex, and has been on the island of Beru for nine years, teaching Gilbertese boys and girls in the London Missionary Society's school. All round him is the vast Pacific Ocean, studded with islands too remote to reach except by schooner or sea-going motor-boat.

When the Japs occupied the northern part of the Gilbert Islands most of the missionaries and officials in the southern part were evacuated, and some went on the missionary ship John Williams V.

But Mr Sadd was ready to stay to keep the school going on at Beru. As he watched the John Williams depart he must have realised that one of the last links with the outer world was being broken, and that he was being closed-in on this small island.

Beru is not much more than a platform of coral in the great sea, with very little vegetation except coconuts, and Mr Sadd will have to depend on coconuts for his food if his store of tinned food gives out. He has a fairly good supply of this, and it is hoped to get a new supply to him.

He has a wireless transmitting set which is occasionally able to flash out a message from him,

and such messages can be picked up by the Australian wireless system. Gilbertese boys operate the set.

Although he is now the only European on the island, one special friend will keep him company in his loneliness. He is a Samoan pastor called Jupeli, who for forty years and more has worked among the Gilbertese people, and is known all over that part of the Pacific.

Mr Sadd will be kept busy superintending the schools, trying to find substitutes for paper and ink, and managing the affairs of the community. The girls will be plaiting the coconut leaves to make thatch for repairing roofs, and the boys will look after the gardens. There is little depth of earth on Beru, and in a long period of drought the gardens turn to dust, and if it rains heavily the soil is washed away through the tiny holes in the coral rock.

STORY

The dear old lady had never telephoned before, and it was with great nervousness that she fumbled in the call-box.

But the operator was patient. She gave instructions without haste, and at last the old lady was able to get through.

Two minutes after the conversation ceased the operator was again called up from that call-box. "It's only me, dearie," murmured the dear old lady. "You've been very kind to me, so I've put twopence in the box for yourself."



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